Every Week

3¢

EVERY WEEK CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 119 EAST 19TH ST., NEW YORK.

Vol. 1 No. 5 **May 31, 1915**

What Time Does to Battlefields

Come Sup With Us

One Supper Free
With Every Breakfast This Week

Our Annual 10-Meal Treat

Again we make this offer, to introduce to your home the ideal summer supper, the best-liked dairy dish.

The offer is this: Buy from your grocer a package of Puffed Rice, to serve for breakfast with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Take this coupon with you. Your grocer will give you for it, at our cost, a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Serve that as a supper or luncheon dish, floating in bowls of milk.

That means ten breakfasts and ten suppers, all for 15 cents. The suppers are our treat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

Bubbles of Whole Wheat

Compare Puffed Wheat with bread or crackers, served in bowls of milk. Here are toasted kernels of whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size. They are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

The morsels are airy and flaky and thin. They crush at a touch of the teeth. They have a fascinating flavor, much like toasted nuts. And they supply the whole-wheat nutriment in the daintiest form that's known.

Nothing else that you serve in milk compares in taste or form or fitness with Puffed Wheat.

What Steam Explosion Does

Then Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. The process creates in every grain a hundred million steam explosions. Every food granule is blasted to pieces so digestion can easily act. No other process does that.

So, beside their enticements, there are other reasons for Puffed Grains. In this form every atom feeds, and there is no tax on digestion. When these grains are served between meals or at bedtime they should always be served this way.

Here's a 12¢ Coupon

We want you to know the wider uses of Puffed Grains. They are not mere breakfast cereals, not mere dainties to be mixed with fruit. They are superlative foods, the best-cooked foods in existence. There are daily uses in every home where nothing else serves as well.

To let folks know this we are making this offer to millions of homes this week, and we urge you to accept it.

Buy from your grocer for 15 cents a package of Puffed Rice. Then we will buy a package of Puffed Wheat. Present this coupon and you'll get them both. You pay for one, we for the other. Do this so your folks may know all the delights of Puffed Grains.

Cut out the coupon now.

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 107WR

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Dated.....*1915.*

To the Grocer

We will remit you 12 cents for this coupon when mailed to us properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Chicago

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915. Grocers must send all redeemed Coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

12-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice Is Purchased

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

18083

Volume 1 Number 5

EveryWeek

May 31, 1915

$5,000,000 Worth of Diamonds

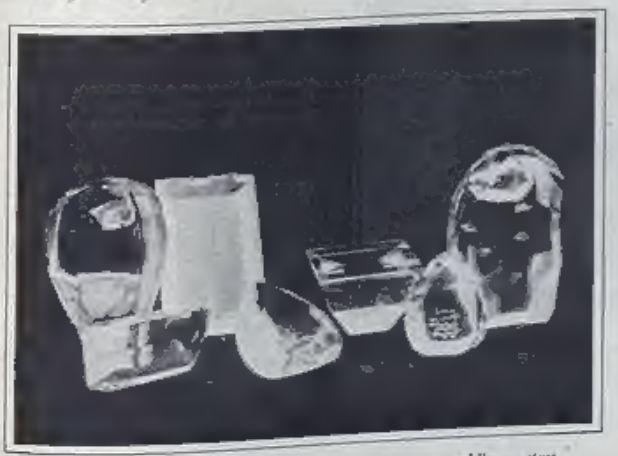


Photo by Paul Thompson

These are very valuable facsimiles of seven of the world's greatest diamonds. The diamonds themselves have never been brought together, but all big jewelers keep such facsimiles in their safes. Two of the real diamonds are lost; the others all belong to Asiatic Princes.

THIS little group of precious stones represents a value of $5,000,000—or at least it would if the picture had been made of the actual diamonds instead of their wonderfully made facsimiles, which are kept in the safes of all great jewelers.

Beginning at the left, the likely looking electric light bulb is valued at $1,000,000, and never sees the light of day except on rare state occasions when its dusky royal owner, the Nizam of Hyderabad, thinks fit to display it to some distinguished guest. The present Nizam, like his predecessors, will not have the diamond cut; for this 340-carat treasure is in reality the cornerstone of his kingdom.

Just in front of the Indian beauty is the most important stone of the Persian royal regalia. In 1867 a privileged traveler placed its value at $175,000, since which time no Western diamond experts have been permitted to examine it.

The Two Lost Diamonds

BAD luck has attached itself to the so-called Table Diamonds, the rectangular slabs in the center of the group. The one standing on end got lost during the sack of Delhi, and is buried to this day somewhere in the heart of Persia or Afghanistan; while the other, the Great Table, disappeared sometime ago, just after $200,000 had been refused for it.

The unassuming little "drop" between the two "Tables" is the Dresden Drop, which Dresden of London sold to an Indian Prince in 1893 for $200,000.

The "drop" to the right is the property of a Persian ruler, and bears the names of three of his illustrious ancestors.

The latest valuation of the biggest perfect diamond in the world, the Raja of Mattam (extreme right), stands at $1,340,890. This is an interesting fact, but of no more practical use now than it would have been back in 1760, when the hard-up ruler of Borneo refused the tempting offer of $250,000 and two gunboats full of ammunition from the Dutch government for the same jewel. The reason why the potentates of Borneo are so uninterested in doing business is a simple one. "On the possession of this stone depend the fortunes of our family," says the present Raja. "The waters into which it is dipped become fountains of healing. It is to us a deity."

His job is to carry tuberculous babies out into the surf and let the salt waves wash over them. He is Louis, the big official life saver at Sea Breeze, Long Island, where thousands of tubercular children are cured by keeping them in the sun, feeding them fresh milk, and giving them a chance generally.

This Girl Models Race Horses

JENNY VON WILDENRATH, a twenty-four-year-old Danish woman who has gone all over the world doing clay and bronze portraits of famous race horses, received a scare at the early age of twelve which might have ended her numerous excursions into pastures and stables.

An Adventure with a Bull

I HAD run away," said the sculptor. "I was always running away from home to play with the horses and cattle, and I was in the lower pasture with my two favorite cows. I had no idea that the bull was anywhere about until I heard a low snort, and saw him a few feet away, looking at me and switching his tail. He was between me and the fence; so I just backed slowly round one of the cows which was lying down. Then I lay down beside her close and stayed there very still. The bull walked all round us sniffing; but he couldn't make it out, and finally strayed off—and I ran like everything for home.

"People wonder why I am not afraid to work in a box stall with a nervous race horse or a powerful stallion. Well, you see you just are not afraid of folks you love. The only thing that worries me is that I may worry my subject. Horses are so sensitive, and each one is so different from all the others. I try to learn all I can about my 'sitter' from his groom, and then I try not to annoy him by stupid sounds and movements while I am near him.

"The portrait of Tracery, August Belmont's famous racing stallion, was a very thrilling one to make. Tracery is a very highly strung horse, and hardly ever stands still, and the four hours a day when for my benefit he was tied to a ring in his huge stall bored him frightfully.

"On the day before the completion of the portrait the head groom, who usually stayed in the stall with us, left me for a moment with an undergroom, a new one. Tracery got the situation in a moment. He slipped his halter and came airily toward my table, with his mind quite made up to find out what all this was about. The new groom hesitated, and I saw my month's work doomed. I gave the table a quick push and caught Tracery by the ear, and in no time we had his halter on again. He took his disappointment like the true sportsman he is."

Tracery flashed into international prominence when, as a Kentucky two-year-old, he came in third in the English Derby. Though he has now retired from the track, Mr. Belmont recently refused $200,000 for him.

The Unfinished Portrait

ANOTHER interesting portrait in her studio is that of the favorite saddle horse of the King of Spain. Unfortunately it is unfinished, as the animal received an anarchist bullet in his neck when the King was riding him and before the sculptor had completed her work.

Miss von Wildenrath works in riding breeches and tailored shirt, and wishes she had the courage to cut her hair short, like that of her favorite artist, Rosa Bonheur. "No one has surpassed her in painting the Percheron type, the French farmhorse," says the sculptor. "I have worked on them myself all over Belgium, in a spirit of reverence for her memory."

Much of the tragedy of the present war means to Miss von Wildenrath the suffering and sacrifice of thousands of horses, and the three "War Studies" that she is contributing to the Pietro exhibition tell the vivid story of the horses' part in victory and in defeat.

"Of course I am glad to make portraits of people when they wish it," she says. "That head over there is of Elsie Ferguson, and I am going to do the little moving picture star, Mary Pickford; but," and the sculptor's slim hands caressed the delicately modeled ears of Scuff II, the French hurdle racer, "there is something about horses—"

This young Danish woman has modeled all the most famous race horses of the time. She has done the King of Spain's favorite saddle horse, and Tracery, who nearly won the English Derby. She is not afraid to work in a box stall beside the most nervous race horse or the most powerful stallion.

Train Them Not To Be Awkward

DID anybody ever teach you how to introduce one person to another? Can you remember the first time when, as a child, you attempted to do it, how embarrassed you were, how you stuttered and blushed? You were taught a great deal about arithmetic and geography and physiology in your childhood; but the social ease and poise that mean so much in after life you were left pretty largely to pick up for yourself as best you could.

And it should not be so. At least, so says V. M. Hillyer in his book on "Child Training" (Century Company). Every child, from the time when he is able to learn, should be drilled in the simple amenities of life. He should know how to meet people easily and what to say, how to introduce them, how to enter a room, and how to leave it. And these common courtesies can be taught by actual practice much better than by precept; for instance, by standing three children side by side and having one introduce the other two. Ten rules Mr. Hillyer gives, which he calls the code of common courtesies:

Children should be careful not to pass in front of anyone unless compelled by circumstances to do so; when they should say "Excuse me" or "I beg your pardon."

Boys should rise from their seats at the approach of a girl or an older person.

Boys should wait for girls to be seated before seating themselves.

Boys when going through a door should wait for girls or older persons to pass through first.

A boy should offer his own chair to a girl or an older person, if there are no chairs nearby, and bring others if needed.

A boy should pick up anything dropped by a girl, and offer her assistance when there is opportunity.

Each child by act or word should show regard for the desires and preferences of the others.

Every child should be careful to acknowledge a courtesy with a simple "thank you."

He or she should be taught never to interrupt or ask a question of two people conversing, but to wait until they are finished.

These children are being taught by actual practice how to introduce one person to another without awkwardness, how to meet people, how to enter or leave a room with ease and poise.

And they should be trained to introduce each other, to talk easily on conversational subjects, and in leaving a house to express their thanks, pleasure, or appreciation.

Simple rules, these, all of them; yet if all children were schooled in them there would be far less embarrassment and suffering when the young folk are grown. If you would not have them awkward, says Mr. Hillyer, train them—and begin early.

She Runs the Biggest Buffalo Ranch

She is the wife of Pawnee Bill, and knows more about breeding buffaloes than any other living person. She and her husband own a herd of 200 pure-blooded bisons.

ONE of the biggest ranches in the world is located about the center of the Pawnee Reservation in Oklahoma, just outside the limits of the town of Pawnee. Over its thousands of acres roam great herds of cattle, mules, Angora goats, horses, and the largest drove of buffaloes in existence.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing about this ranch is the fact that it is run by a woman. She is the wife of the owner, Major Gordon Lillie, popularly known as "Pawnee Bill." Major Lillie's interests keep him away from home a good deal, and long ago he discovered that he could not find a better manager during his absence than his wife.

Mrs. Lillie is a buffalo expert. She is a skilful breeder, and has kept in touch with every system of breeding buffaloes during the last thirty years. Today she has greater success than any other living person in growing healthy, rugged, contented buffaloes.

The Lillie ranch is run on a very businesslike system. From a central station in the ranch house telephone wires extend to all parts of the great farm. Early every morning over these wires Mrs. Lillie issues the orders for the day to her two hundred and fifty workers. In the main office is a ticker from the stock exchange at Oklahoma City, so that she is kept in hourly touch with the livestock markets. If she sees in the quotations a chance for the profitable disposal of a couple of carloads of a certain kind of cattle, she first telephones to one of the stations on the ranch to have the cattle rounded up, and then to Pawnee for the cars to be sent to the sidetrack on the ranch.

The big herd of buffaloes on the ranch represents an ambition of Pawnee Bill's to preserve this animal for posterity. In the fall of 1879 the Pawnees made their last buffalo hunt. Pawnee Bill accompanied them, and captured four young buffaloes. To these others were added from time to time until, with successful breeding, a splendid herd was obtained. At Pawnee today there are over two hundred head of pure-blooded, fine-coated specimens of the bison. They range over ten thousand acres of well watered land, heavily carpeted with the native grass on which buffaloes thrive.

The first ranch buildings erected by Pawnee Bill were very crude affairs, and were made mostly of logs. Some of these are still preserved, to show the humble beginnings of this wonderful enterprise. But today a bungalow mansion that cost one hundred thousand dollars adorns the highest point on the ranch. There are six big barns, one large workshop, acres of strong corrals, a splendid sanatorium, and four division ranch houses in which the tenants live.

Each year a grand buffalo hunt takes place, when several of the animals are killed and the meat shipped to prominent people throughout the country. The buffalo as food today is a luxury, its price ranging from seventy-five cents to two dollars a pound.

What Actors Eat On the Stage

THE "food" served in most stage productions is not food at all, unless it really has to be eaten before the audience.

Have you ever observed a dinner scene at the theater where the servant poured out a thick, creamy soup, and ladeled it out, for the guests? That was sawdust.

All sorts of things were tried to get the right effect for soup. Actual colored liquid did not look right under the powerful stage lights, and it proved a difficult "prop" to handle. Finally some clever stage manager or property man tried ordinary sawdust. The effect was perfect, and since then sawdust has been used to represent soup at a dinner scene or gruel in a sickroom scene. Under the lights it has every appearance of a liquid.

A Roast That Is Easy to Carve

TEMPTING slices of boiled ham—at least they look tempting to the audience—are nothing more nor less than pieces of ordinary linoleum, with the red or under side uppermost. Salads are made from cabbage leaves, and tomatoes sliced up give every appearance of a delicious boiled lobster. Bananas are served for fish.

"Chicken" generally consists of a small, well browned, Vienna-shaped loaf of bread, with painted wooden legs stuck in. A turkey is made in the same manner from a larger loaf of bread.

A roast of beef is generally made from sponge cake, browned with gravy. It carves easily, and has every appearance of meat. Slices of toast cut in proper shape and frilled with paper on one end look just like chops and cutlets, and may be nibbled by the actors.

A steaming hot pie is a pan with a brown paper covering, and inside of this is a dish of boiling hot water or boiled potatoes. The hot water or boiled potatoes furnish the "steam" that rises from the "pie" when the paper crust is cut, and looks quite as appetizing as the genuine article.

Tea serves as whisky on the stage, and when colored with grenadine or some such coloring matter it is wine. Ginger ale supplies the sparkling "champagne"; but when milk is called for no substitute is used, if it is to be drunk.

Even water has its substitutes; not water for drinking, however, but for wet garments. An actor might come upon the stage actually wet to the skin with real water, and aside from his dripping hair he would not look wet. To make an actor look actually wet a great quantity of vaseline is rubbed over his clothes. Then with hair dripping wet and the lights reflected upon the vaseline on his clothes he has every appearance of having just been hauled out of the river.

This bonfire was made out of $15,000 worth of slot machines. They were taken to a vacant lot and set on fire by the Philadelphia police, who had confiscated them in raids during the last year.

The Patrician

By PHILIP CURTISS

"Drunk?" says Weston. "There isn't a man in this room who hasn't drunk more than I!"

HE was the last man of a run-out race. He had no money and no friends. He couldn't back his orders with his fists—and yet no man dared to defy him. He was hard, proud, hated by his inferiors, avoided by all his equals except one woman: she was willing to follow him to the ends of the earth.

WHEN I was a kid in the home town there was one individual whom I always took scrupulous pains to avoid; when I was a man in New York there was one with whom I was always proud to be seen; which was very odd, considering the fact that they were one and the same, to wit, Spike Morrison, onetime "tough guy" of the East End Gang, later lightweight champion of the world.

It is in fact a curious masculine frailty that leads one to accept with indifference the friendship of a savant or a saint and to glory in that of a prize fighter; but without apology I confess the weakness, and admit that it always tickled my pride to walk through the lobby of a hotel with my former bully, see people glance up with hostile indifference, and then watch their expressions change to those of souls who have seen the light.

Even in the great hotels along Broadway we shared this tribute; but my surprise and pleasure never rose to such height as they did one day in the cold and aristocratic Charlton, where, as Spike and I wandered through the palm-bordered corridors, somewhat like cats in a strange current, a slender and dapper young man in a tight-fitting English morning coat, properly braided, disengaged himself hurriedly from a group of chattering women and rushed up to greet Spike like a long lost brother.

I took the occasion to saunter on toward the café. Here Spike, still glowing from his reception, joined me in time and roundly upbraided my flight.

"Why didn't you stay and talk to the folks?" he demanded; for in conversation Spike is as disappointing as most great men. He never says "blokes" or "mutts" or "guys," and never swears except in times of necessity. His diction, in a word, is masterly. It reserves its strong words for its strongest effects.

"What folks?" I asked with some interest.

"The Westons," he answered eagerly. "Didn't you recognize Preany Weston?"

"I DIDN'T. I'm sorry," I answered; but inwardly I was not at all sorry, for the only difference between Spike Morrison and Preany Weston had been that whereas both had been abominations of my boyhood, the latter had continued to be the abomination of my whole life.

I suppose, indeed, that I had never seen Preany Weston up to that time without mentally irking to inflict on him what Spike was wont to inflict on his opponents in the ring; for Preany Weston, in my early days, had been one of my many bullies, the only difference between him and Spike being that whereas the one was a physical the other was only a mental bully.

Preany Weston had certainly bullied the boys of our town—mentally—from the day he was born. We hated him, we the day he was born. We laid dire plots for his threatened him, we laid dire plots for his unhappiness, and, as usually happens in such cases, we were actually very much afraid of him. Preany Weston, in short, was a little aristocrat, the one "mysterious" child of our village. He did not go to the public schools; he rarely played with the other boys. In infancy he appeared in velvet suits and short socks, at which we other infants were inclined to holler; in boyhood he wore "tailor-mades," which made our own ready and home-made suits feel uncouth and rustic.

Had occasion offered, I think that very probably we should have attempted the boyish methods of displaying contempt for such things as short socks and tailor-mades,—our methods consisting of stones and cudgels,—but somehow we never were given the chance, or rather we never took it. We dreamed of his downfall; we pictured long scenes of boyish vengeance, —I think that we openly planned it,—but yet in our hearts there was actually not one of us who would not have been proud to have been seen in the company of Preany Weston. For, in spite of all our dislike, he was in reality our one aristocrat.

HAD we but known it, there was another side to the grandeur of Preany Weston,—the reverse of the picture was a tragedy. Grand he might be to us of the village, and lofty and aloof; but in actual fact Preny was a perfect example of the end of a run-out race. Years before, generations before, when wealth consisted of owning land, the Westons had been important people—very important indeed. From the Westons had come the Congressmen, the clergymen, the Judges, the public men, of our State. In Civil War times it had been the Westons who had led our regiments. But the age of buying and selling, the age of steel and machinery, had upset the age of landowners, and the Westons had begun the fall to the inevitable end. The race of Westons in our day was a race of idlish, silent, and penniless men and sweet-faced, sad-eyed, wistful women.

How indeed the Westons had ever pinched and saved enough to send young Prey through Harvard was a question that vexed our elders. The mortgaging and pinching and saving that this had entailed had been the source of many grave and pompous discussions among the members of the Business Men's Saturday Evening Club and the First Church Sewing League. And when at the end of two years the cause of the mortgaging, saving, and scrimping had been sent peremptorily home as the result of an escapade in which we knew that a barber pole, a horse, and a battered policeman had vaguely figured, our outraged Puritanism had known no bounds.

Nor could we quite make up our minds after that just why Preany Weston had been donated by Providence to the home town. There seemed to be no rôle in which he could be destined to play. He was not a lawyer, he was not a doctor, he was not a storekeeper, he was not even a politician. We simply knew him as Preany Weston, and that answered the question,—a solemn, gaunt, unresponsive young man, who stalked through the streets, looking neither to right nor to left, who entered into our village activities with listless indifference, who treated a hearty hail with

the coldest of nods, and at times cut us all, from the new but wealthy mill owners down to the village drunkard. There were even rumors that Pren drank himself; and as human nature likes to believe such things, we did believe them, and even magnified them.

YET even the casual glance that I had caught of Pren that afternoon in the Charlton told me that some sort of transformation had come over him. It was not only his greater geniality, his hearty welcome, his obvious good-fellowship; but even the glimpse of an eye had shown an air of freedom, of prosperity, of good-humor, very different from the Pren of the old days, and oddest of all had been his enthusiastic greeting of Spike, who had been in our village the toughest of all the tough East Siders, as far removed from the Westons as Cape Cod is from the Golden Gate. The problem was well worth plumbing, and I proceeded to plumb it.

"I haven't seen Prenny Weston in years," I began, as we sat at our table. "How is he getting on?"

"Great!" replied Spike. "Great!" he repeated with enthusiasm. "He married a girl with a million."

To Spike this was not in the least an anticlimax; for in common with the English, the Germans, all the Latin races, and in fact everybody on earth except educated Americans, people of Morrison's stamp are able to speak of a rich wife with frank enthusiasm. Spike indeed apparently regarded the marriage not only as a legitimate step in Weston's career, but as an accomplishment distinctly to his credit; while one more question disclosed that the conquest did not shed any discredit on the rich wife.

"She was one of the Miller girls," he went on with the naïve familiarity of the small town, "and as nice a lady as you ever saw. She calls me 'Mr. Morrison,' as if I was the President himself."

"Then you know her?" I asked in surprise.

Spike looked at me, almost insulted. "Know her?" he said. "I eat a meal there every time I am home. In fact, Mr. Weston says that if it wasn't for me they would never had married. But that's not so," he concluded with proper humility.

The connection between the former lightweight champion and the marriage of Prenny Weston with "one of the Miller girls" had fascinating possibilities. There was no doubt in my own mind which one of the Miller girls it was; for there had been three whom nobody wanted and one whom everybody wanted. But men who have stories to tell frequently have little art in telling them, and I had to give Spike his own good time and let him pursue his own method; which, as in all such cases, began far back of the proper point.

THE first time I saw Prenny Weston," he began, between puffs of his cigar, "was in the old Weston Guards, now Company H of the 32d Regiment. I never had any real taste for soldiering; but the only good bouts in town were being held in the armories, and to get around the State laws all the boys who took part had to be members of one of the companies. I never expected to do any drilling, and in fact I never did much until we went to camp in the summer. You know what those oldtime camps had been like, —just one long booze fight from Monday to Saturday,—but this was the first of the new régime.

"Regular army officers were in command, and they tried to teach us all that the regular army knew in six days. They got us out before sunrise, and marched us till after dark, and then set us to doing picket duty out in the woods. It would have been bad enough if we had enlisted for that; but three-quarters of the men in the regiment and all the men in our company had enlisted for a pure good time—with the result that about Wednesday if a man in your tent said yes or no you were ready to snap his head off.

The Captain of the company was a fathead named Glover, a good politician and a poor soldier; so the company discipline was simply a mess. But about the middle of the week Glover caved in. He was never built for that sort of work, and after one awful hot day in the sun he went to the hospital, and Weston took over the company. Weston was the First Lieutenant; but up to that time we had seen almost nothing of him.

"To tell the truth I think that he had been drinking pretty hard up at headquarters (he did in those days), and the first night that he came walking down the company street he looked as if he was going to bite nails. His eyes were bleary, and his skin was red, and his mouth was drawn into that look that made you feel that he thought you the scum of the earth; but outside of that he looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox,—his khaki uniform all stiff and starched, a little white collar peeping out of the top, gloves in his hand, and his face so freshly shaved that you could smell the soap. In fact, as he came, you could feel just a little flutter go up and down the company street.

"I felt the flutter; but I got the wrong dope. I thought that the boys were getting ready to kid him; but they knew him better than I did. Glover had been in the habit of hobnobbing and hail-fellow-well-meeting and come-on-boysing around the company and playing politics all the time; so I couldn't quite make Weston out. I was simply waiting for someone to yell 'Oh you Lizzie!'

"But nobody did yell it, and pretty soon I understood why; for in that same supercilious, what-the-hell way of his Mr. Lieutenant walked up to a bunch of us standing in front of a tent and snapped:

"'Where's the First Sergeant?'

"Nobody answered, because nobody knew in the first place, and in the second they were too sore to answer; but Weston just stood and stared as if he wanted to spit on us, and began with the first man:

"'Private McCarthy, do you know where the First Sergeant is?'

"McCarthy was a big, thick-headed kid; so he kind of slobbered 'No.'

"To tell the truth, I don't think that Weston was quite himself that night. He had been hitting the stuff pretty hard for three or four days, and it made him ugly; so he just glared at McCarthy as if he wanted to eat his head off, and then he snapped back, 'No what?'

"Personally I couldn't make out what in the devil he was trying to get at, and I don't think most of the men could; but McCarthy, for all he was a kid, was on his second enlistment, and he was one of the few that did understand, for he gave a another sickly grin and answered:

"'No, Sir!'

"Honestly, Sam," continued Spike, lighting another cigar, "honestly, Sam, I don't know which I wanted to kick the most, young McCarthy or the Lieutenant. We got used to that sort of thing later on; but then it was like sending us to Sunday school. But while we were trying to get it all through our heads up came the top Sergeant himself. Weston caught sight of him and pitched his voice just about one and a half tones more moderate. He talked to us as if he wanted to eat us alive; but he talked to the top Sergeant as if he would let him live if he was good.

"'Sergeant,' he says in a little tired drawl, 'this street looks like the dayvil. Get a squad of men and clean it up—clean it up good!' And with that the little whippersnapper turned on his heel and walked back to his tent.

THE top Sergeant was a slouching, good-natured cuss, one of the Glover type, and he looked around in a helpless way. He knew, and we knew, that cleaning the street at that time o' day was just about the last straw. It needed it, Jerry knows,—filled with bottles and cans and straw and worn-out shoes and pieces of watermelon rind,—but we had been marching with packs all day in the sun, and were too tired and too mad to lift a hand. The Sergeant was in a fix. He was looking for a commission himself and didn't dare disobey the Lieutenant; but equally he didn't dare say a word to us.

"So he finally routed out a bunch of rookies smaller than himself, got the baskets and rakes, and went at it. When he thought that he had it done, and done good enough to please Glover at least, the Lieutenant himself came back to see how he was getting on. The first thing he spied was an empty bottle that someone had shied out of a tent after the baskets went by, and at that his voice cracked like a whip:

"'Sergeant!' he yelled, and the Sergeant came back on the jump; while I and two or three others came out of the tents to see the fun.

"'Sergeant,' he says, 'do you call that clean?'

"The Sergeant picked up the bottle himself, and the two of them walked down the line. The next thing they saw was a cigar butt, and another man had to pick up that, and then the Lieutenant gathered the whole policing party around him and gave them a lecture. He told them not only to pick up every bit of dirt, straw, and food in the street, but he said that not another man was to throw so much as a match on the ground that week.

"All this time I was standing in the door of my tent smoking a pipe and rather enjoying seeing the Sergeant get it—when just as he said those words I blew out a match and threw it down on the grass. It never occurred to me what I was doing; but just as I did it Weston turned, saw the match fall, and his eye lit into my face. I'll bet he glared at me for as much as a minute, and I think that he sized me up; for he didn't snap as he had to the others. He lowered his voice and said in a quiet, even tone:

"'Private Morrison, pick up that match!'

NOW, as you know and I know, the last man in the world who is ever looking for trouble is a professional scrapper, and at almost any other time in life I would have grinned and done just as he said; but I was a kid at that time, and I thought the Lieutenant was just a smart little stiff trying to show off. So I never budged. I had come into that bunch with some reputation as a 'hard guy,' and I knew that the other lads were all watching to see what I'd do; so all that I did was to look him back in the eye and size him up in his turn.

"And when a fellow who's been in the ring does that he can see a lot. I could see through and through that Lieutenant as if he was stripped. I could have told you near to a pound how much he weighed, and that was ten pounds less than me. I could see that he had no neck and no shoulders, no chest and no arms. I could see that liquor had pretty near eat him up; I could actually feel how one blow would make him crumple and give, and inside I was so mad that I almost gave it. Yet I never moved until he told me again, and then—by the Lord Harry! there I was picking up that match! It wasn't a case of military discipline or anything like that. I just found myself doing it."

SPIKE leaned back from the table and sat a moment in reverie, living over the scene, and almost chuckling in enjoyment of his own discomfiture. I myself, indeed, remembered the shock-headed lout that had been Spike in those days, and I enjoyed it myself.

"Yet there was one thing about Weston," he went on at last, "and that was that he knew when to quit; for he didn't stop to say any more. When I went back into the tent a bunch playing set-back on one of the cots started to grin; but I shut them off:

"'I picked up that match,' I says, 'for my superior officer, and if any of you buzzards have got anything to say about it, say it right now!' But none of them had.

"And the funny part of it was," continued Spike, "that I lay awake all that night thinking of things that I ought to have done to that little squirt and hadn't. I saw him asking me to do it again, and my telling him to take the match and stick it down his damned throat before the whole company—and I probably would have; for you know how you always plan those things after they're over."

Spike grinned, and I nodded. I had lived through similar situations myself.

"Yes," I said, "you can always do just the right thing if you get a chance the second time; but you generally don't."

YOU'RE right, you don't," echoed Spike, "and I didn't then; for during all the rest of the camp Weston never asked me to do one single thing. The next day I was primed and ready for him. If he had asked me so much as to lift my foot, I would have pitched into him right then and there. It wasn't that he avoided me, and it wasn't that he tried to make up to me. I caught his eye every chance that I got, and if I had seen so much as a quiver, a smile, a look that would mean 'Come on now, you're a good fellow,' I would have had him; but he never looked at me one way or the other. It was absolutely impersonal, as if he had never heard of my name."

Spike was verging on a common philosophy, and I made the expected remark. "In the end he was probably the most popular officer you ever had."

But Spike was a man to dissect a platitude. "No, I don't think you could ever say that. A hard man is never popular, no matter how much you respect him, and at times, especially when he had been drinking, even Weston was pretty unreasonable. And besides there were too many men of the old wire-pulling sort to appreciate him. It was just as bad for you to softsoap him as it was to threaten worse, for he had a way that made the best-lickers want to creep into holes in the ground. So far as the company was concerned, we were just plain, private soldiers and the scum of the earth, and if it hadn't been for other things I would never have known Weston to be anything but a zinc-lined old iceberg."

"Then he was different when he didn't have his uniform on?" I suggested.

"That was just what I was getting to," replied Spike, rather impatient of the interruption. "He was, and he wasn't. On the surface you couldn't see any difference, but I should say rather that you began to like him in spite of himself. At least that was the way that it worked out with me. I went home from camp swearing that I would never go near that damned armory again, and that if I ever caught that little spud up a dark alley it would be all right for Christmas. But just the same when we got our cards to begin drilling late in the fall I found myself there every Monday night. I used to say to myself that I was just laying for that Lieutenant, and that sooner or later I'd get him. For months I don't think I ever hated anybody so much in my life, and I used to watch his back like a snake, just dreaming to myself what I would do to him if ever I got my hands on him. But the fact was that I couldn't keep away from him, and I couldn't have disobeyed him to save my life. He simply had got my goat."

The descriptions of primitive men are perfect, and of all of Spike's narrative I think that that one hackneyed phrase pleased me the most. He had indeed outlined one of the most curious and one of the most constant situations in all human relations,—the subjection of will to will. Knowing Spike, and knowing Weston, it was positively tremendous as he pictured it, and yet not all the dictionaries could have hit the point with a better phrase,—"He had got my goat." Nevertheless I had to prompt him back to his story.

"But you did see something of Weston outside of the armory?"

YES," replied Spike, "and the first real time was when I fought Butch Casey in Worcester. Up to that time I had worked mostly with local boys and with hoobs; but Butch was the real thing, and I knew it. He was just as fast as I was, and had the professional training. I was younger and stronger; but I was awfully scared until, just before they introduced us, I saw Weston come sauntering in, in a big gray overcoat with a muffler around his neck, and take a ringside seat near my corner.

"I can remember this minute just how he looked and just how I felt. In a way

comfortable chair for the further wait that was before him.

TWO o'clock sharp was the hour he had heard set for his undoing. At three minutes before two he began to listen with great care, and at exactly three minutes past he heard from below the sound of a heavy piece of furniture overturned as if by accident, and a faint tinkle of broken glass (the latter a frugal fruit jar smashed in the stone fireplace).

Livingstone, clutching his trusty weapon, ran swiftly down the stairs, and halted at the door of the smoking room. The red glow from the fireplace was still sufficient to see by, and in its light he perceived the slim figure of Coppy Heathcote standing in the center of the room as if waiting for somebody.

Livingstone fired two of his blank cartridges—they made a prodigious roar in that empty room—and sprang forward. The other man had turned as if to run; but Livingstone caught him with a sort of flying tackle before he had taken a step, and slammed him to the floor with a crash which must have made that gentleman see more stars than exist in the firmament. He gave forth a hollow sound as his assailant's weight came down on him, and struggled a little, but as it were perfunctorily, and after a moment lay quite still.

There came from above shouts and cries in many voices, and the sound of running feet on the stairs. Then the electric lights flashed on about the room, and people came pouring in. Oddly enough they were all dressed exactly as they had been two hours before. And that should have seemed very odd to Livingstone; but it didn't. At least he made no comment on it.

ST. MAUR *père*, who looked somewhat sheepish and guilty, came forward across the room, and Jimmy Rogers, who did not look sheepish at all, but very triumphant, came with him. Behind these two the others of the company stood huddled in a group, and bursts of smothered laughter came from them.

"Have you—have you got him?" asked St. Maur *père*, who seemed a little uncertain of his rule.

"Oh, yes," said Livingstone. "Yes, here he is. Give us a hand to turn him over, will you? I shot him twice and then held him down here in case he was still alive."

Jimmy Rogers burst into a guffaw and began to do a little dance step, and from the group near the door there came a weak scream of joy in a tone vaguely reminiscent of his sister's less controlled moments. But Livingstone, who seemed to have no ear for what went on about him, got to his feet and dragged his quarry after him.

"It seems to be Mr. Heathcote," said he, "and I own I am not altogether surprised."

Then the others came forward and stood about him. They laughed and laughed and laughed as if they would never have done. The men held their sides and made explosive noises, and the women laid their heads on one another's shoulders and screamed. Jimmy Rogers sat down because it hurt him to laugh standing. Even Coppy Heathcote, sore and bruised as he was, burst into a sort of giggle like a little girl. Livingstone looked round him gravely and waited.

"Now," said Jimmy Rogers when at last he could speak, "now will you admit that we've done you—fairly and beautifully and completely done you? Now will you be good?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Livingstone with great patience, and the voice of his ex-fiancée was heard to exclaim:

"The assurance of that man is stupendous, colossal, unique! Like what's-his-name in the history books, he doesn't even know when he's beaten."

And St. Maur *père* patted him on the arm. "Our friend Rogers," said he, "seemed to feel that he owed you a bad turn for many injuries received but not paid for. I expect you'll have to own up he's even now—eh—what?"

LIVINGSTONE sighed and shook his head. "There seems," said he, "to be a slight misunderstanding. Oh, of course I know all about your little joke. Very pretty, very pretty! Cooked-up robbery, tears from Jessica R., blank cartridges, all that sort of thing. That's all very well, and you've had your laugh, and that's all very well. But you see you made just one mistake. You picked a real burglar to play sham burglar for you." He pointed an accusing finger toward Miss Rogers' fiancé. "Mr. Heathcote," said he, "is the Gentleman Burglar, as I've suspected ever since I saw him this morning."

The accused gentleman emitted a brief laugh of derision, and Jimmy Rogers said:

"Oh, don't be an ass, Jerry! You're a rotten bad loser. Admit you're done, and let's have an end of it."

Even his host ventured upon a mild and fatherly protest. "I say, isn't this—oh—I mean to say, you know—going a bit too far. What?"

"Keep your hands down!" cried Livingstone with a sudden sharpness, and took a step toward where Coppy Heathcote stood a short distance away.

Heathcote obeyed mechanically; but the confident and amused smile died from his lips, and an odd, greenish pallor began to creep across his face.

Livingstone, without stirring his eyes from the figure of the man he had accused, spoke to his host. "It seemed to me when I came down here a short time ago that something looked wrong about the door of your safe, and this gentleman was standing nearby. Would you mind having a look, just to make sure?"

Coppy Heathcote cried, "Oh, rubbish! Don't you know when a joke is over?"

And there were murmurs from some of the others of the company as well. But a few who were there noted that Heathcote's face was wet and shining under the bright light of the overhead electrics, and that his hands were moving and twisting beside him.

"Well, of course," said St. Maur *père*, "if you insist. It seems perhaps a little insulting—I don't quite like—very odd, you know." He moved toward the safe in the wall, laughing an embarrassed laugh as he went; but abruptly they heard him utter a loud cry, for the safe door stood an inch ajar. St. Maur *père* pulled it open and thrust in his hand.

"Good God!" he cried out. "It's empty! The safe is empty!"

SOME of the others ran to look, and Mrs. St. Maur could be heard screaming about her rope of pearls; but Livingstone stood where he was, his eyes fixed upon Coppy Heathcote, who was as white as death and whose hands rose spasmodically at intervals toward his breast and dropped again.

"It must have been done," gasped St. Maur *père*, "after we went to bed and—and before Heathcote came down. No! Confound it, that safe couldn't be opened without explosives! There's not a soul alive but myself that knew the combination." He broke into a sort of whimper, staring about him into the circle of shocked faces.

"The Gentleman Burglar," said Livingstone, "seems oddly concerned about his left-hand coat pocket—the inside pocket—*No, you don't! Keep your hands down, please!*—Will somebody relieve him of his anxiety? Will you, St. Maur?"

"Oh, no, no!" said his host nervously. "No! I couldn't possibly search a guest's pockets. That's—I couldn't do that."

"Will you, Jimmy?" demanded the accuser.

And Jimmy Rogers said at once, "Of course I will—just to teach you not to be a forsaken ass. No offense, Heathcote." He stepped up to the other man, slipped a hand into the left-hand inner pocket of his dress coat, and stood staring, with Mrs. St. Maur's rope of pearls in his hand.

One of the women screamed, and Coppy Heathcote broke out in a kind of sob:

"Good God! I didn't know the wretched thing was there. I didn't steal it. I don't know how it came there. Livingstone, for Heaven's sake—"

"And now," said Livingstone, "having already lost an hour of perfectly good sleep, I think I shall go to bed. Goodnight, everybody, and sweet dreams!" He walked smiling through that silent, white-faced little throng and mounted the stairs to his room.

"Yes, I got him," said Livingstone. "I shot him twice, and then held him down here in case he was still alive."

JIMMY ROGERS came to him there a few moments later, sat down on the bed, and took his head between his hands.

"Great Heavens, Jerry!" said he. "This thing is awful, awful! I can't believe it's true. I don't know what to think."

"Think of your sins," counseled Livingstone. "Think of your sins against me, and repent of them, and pray to be made a better Christian. Your little joke seems to have gone wrong this time, doesn't it?"

"Oh, Lord, yes!" groaned Jimmy Rogers. "I should rather think so!"

"Then you admit," his friend pressed him, "you admit that you lose and I win? You admit that?"

"I admit it," said Jimmy Rogers bitterly. "You win, confound you! You win!"

"In that case," said his friend, "I don't mind telling you that Heathcote didn't steal those pearls or anything else. I opened the safe and stole them myself, before he ever went downstairs, and I slipped them into his pocket when I had him on the floor. Here are the other things. You can take them to St. Maur if you like. Oh, and you might tell Mr. Coppy Heathcote that I wouldn't have gone so far with the thing if he hadn't been cheeky. He doesn't know me well enough to help my friends play jokes on me. That's all. Goodnight!"

Women in Business for Themselves

By
EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

THOUSANDS of American women earn high salaries in business; but there are hardly fifty women in the United States who have built up a business of their own. Other things being equal, it takes more courage, dash, initiative, for a woman to create an independent enterprise than for a man. These are the stories of women who started out with a big idea, and in spite of overwhelming difficulties made it pay.

Women should have a special instinct for the hotel business; yet not many succeed at it. This is Miss Anna Gillan, one of the women who have made it pay.

ABOUT a dozen years ago a girl of sixteen faced the necessity of earning money. Her name was Mary Elizabeth Evans, and she lived at Syracuse, New York, with her mother, grandmother, and two sisters. The father was dead, and the mortgage had been foreclosed.

So Mary Elizabeth and her sisters Martha and Fannie began to make molasses candy and taffy candy and wrap it in white paper, fastened with gold stickers. They canvassed Syracuse, charging forty and fifty cents a pound. Then they established a stand at Syracuse University; but, having no money for an attendant, they simply left the candy on the counter and trusted customers to leave the money. This stand made a hit.

But when the summer came the profits took a drop. Then Mary Elizabeth said to her sisters:

"Why not take our candy up to the summer resorts?"

"Who'll pay the expense?" they asked.

Mary Elizabeth went out to borrow sixty-five dollars for this enterprise; but half a dozen persons refused her. With persistence she finally did borrow the sum through a money lender. Then she took her first trip in a Pullman car and went to Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Provided with a good stock of samples, made by the three girls in the little kitchen at home, Mary Elizabeth now proceeded to canvass the guests at the summer hotels. Her salesmanship was rather remarkable; for she got an order from every guest she called on. The price was raised too, and the candy placed on sale at the hotel stands.

Salesmanship the Secret

DURING that summer and the following winter the three girls and their mother worked long hours making and selling the candy. The business grew, and two little cottages were now occupied instead of one. The Evans girls were the pushing sort, and their salesmanship never rested. They went out and sold their product with all the energy of a big business house. Every person in Syracuse was a possible customer, and they didn't wait for buyers to come to them. They went after the people. Every night their stock was exhausted, and Mary Elizabeth, who took the lead, came to be synonymous in Syracuse with candy.

The next summer Mary Elizabeth went to Newport, and with the winter's surplus profits opened a tiny shop, catering to the exclusive summer colony. Then another small shop was started in Boston. These girls kept everlastingly moving, you see.

The Evans family moved to Boston, and for awhile that was headquarters. Then Mary Elizabeth got a firm grip on her courage and went to New York. That was five years ago.

Today there are Mary Elizabeth stores in New York, Boston, Newport, and Bermuda. One of the Fifth avenue stores in New York, which includes a tearoom, pays a rental close to fifty thousand dollars a year.

Hotels On an Efficiency Basis

MEANWHILE (to tell another story) Miss Anna Maud Gillan and Miss Louise Edwards were occupying a joint apartment in Brooklyn and working in New York. They decided to live over in New York proper, and when looking for quarters ran across the Nicholas Fish mansion on Irving Place. It was vacant, unfurnished, and the rent was three hundred dollars a month.

That was the beginning of their impulse in 1903 to go into the hotel business. They rented the place and put all their savings, about one thousand dollars, into furnishings. Then they borrowed another thousand, and no doubt bought things on instalments. Miss Gillan, who came from Evanston, Indiana, had been working for a piano house in New York. Miss Edwards was with the Bureau of Charities. She was a Brooklyn girl. They resigned their positions and started out boldly.

Now these young women had ideas as to what a hotel should be. Wood fires crackled dreamily; antiques and oriental rugs were in evidence; dainty hangings were at the windows; and special stress was laid on the service. Soon they had a waiting list, and their guests included such people as O. Henry and the present Ambassador to Great Britain, Walter H. Page. Meals were served, and an original conceit was "breakfast in your rooms."

For five years all the profits went into furnishings, and often the young women were hard pressed for ready cash. But they maintained their standards. Finally, after some specially serious difficulties in meeting bills and buying furniture, they held a council and determined on an efficiency campaign. Without altering their scope, they cut down waste. And then followed financial success.

Today this firm of Gillan & Edwards is managing several hotel enterprises, either of its own or for others. The partners disposed of the hotel where they started. One of their own enterprises is a large summer hotel at Glen Cove, Long Island, operated on the American plan, without liquors. It is said to clear five or six thousand dollars a season. They also manage the Forest Hills Inn on Long Island.

Founded by a Woman

THERE was a Chilean girl named Alice Guy, whose father was a publisher at Valparaiso. An earthquake ruined him, and he died. Then Alice Guy went to Paris to live, with her mother and sister.

When she was sixteen she studied stenography, and got work in the office of Guzanmmt & Co., Paris, producers of motion pictures. She became secretary to Guzamont, and one day said to him:

"I don't like these pictures of trains and fire departments. Let me produce some of the French short stories."

Ultimately she produced for him "The Passion Play" and "Esmeralda," and drew a salary of one thousand francs a month. Then she married Herbert Blache and came with him to New York, where he represented Guzamont & Co.

Now Madame Blache had that spirit of enterprise that gave her courage and impulse to work. She made a careful study of the motion picture field in America, and asked, "Why can't I produce pictures here on my own account?"

She looked around, and at Flushing, Long Island, she found a building that would answer for a studio. She rented it. She and her husband had ten thousand dollars between them, saved from their salaries, and this became the capital of Madame Blache in founding the Solax Company in 1909.

Blache still held his position. "I will manage this enterprise," said his wife. She went to work with vast energy. First she studied her possible material, and read far into the night. Then she wrote her own scenarios and produced such pictures as "Fra Diavolo," "Carmen," Poe's "Pit and the Pendulum," and "Dick Whittington and His Cat."

The capital proved sufficient; for the profits piled up fast. Three years ago the plant was moved to Fort Lee, New Jersey, and it is now a half-million-dollar enterprise. Madame Blache's productions often cost twenty thousand dollars. The company's net profits are reputed to range between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars a month.

Not Afraid to Borrow Money

OF quite a different type is Miss Elizabeth Marbury, play broker.

Once she was secretary to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" made a hit on the stage she decided to try placing plays herself. She rented a small office on West 24th street, New York City, at fifteen dollars a month. Through her friends she got author's manuscripts and went out to place them. She read, criticized, and often rewrote whole plays, and made them acceptable to producers.

"I am not intellectual," she says. "I am merely intelligent. I have an imagination and some horse sense. Not always do I take the advice of my friends. But they advise me to do a thing, I quake in my boots. I believe in independence, and I am not afraid to borrow money."

Her friends advised her against opening offices in Paris and London; but she made a great success over there.

One of her early achievements was the placing of Hall Caine's "The Christian." Some of the plays she placed brought her two thousand dollars a night. A broker usually gets from five to ten per cent.

Success breeds success, and some of the plays handled by Miss Marbury have been "Diplomacy," "Rosemary," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "In the Palace of the King," "The Eternal City," "The Masked Ball," "Under the Red Robe," and "Barbara Frietchie."

Recently Miss Marbury helped form an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar merger of play brokers, thus organizing the American Play Company, which is said to make eight thousand dollars a month.

Her friends say that knowledge of the play business and her independence of character have made her so successful. When she sees an opportunity she goes after it, and dares to stake her money.

She Trains Secretaries

NOT far from Miss Marbury's office in New York is the office of Mrs. Virginia Wheal, who lives at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Six years ago she was left a widow, and took a course in a school for secretaries. There were some things about this school that did not please her, and she impressed her ideas on the management so strongly that she was employed there at eighteen dollars a week to put some of them into effect. In two months she was getting fifty dollars a week as superintendent. In three years she resigned, and with some financial help started a school for secretaries on her own account. The capital at the start was two thousand dollars, and at the end of the first year she had paid all her debts and had two thousand dollars in the bank.

She now has two hundred students

She has a remarkable gift for salesmanship. It is this quality, more than any other, that has made Mary Elizabeth Evans' success.

Who Was Marie Dupont?

By
ADELE LUEHRMANN

CHAPTER VIII (Continued)

THE sight that met Irma's eyes held her rigid in the stupor of amazement.

The room was like her own in size and contour, its furnishings were even sparser, and in one corner stacks of canvases faced the wall.

The thought of those canvases and the human tragedy they stood for had often stabbed the sensitive heart of the Russian girl. She had seen them all, and knew too well what painful witness each one bore to vain hours of hopeless struggle.

Early in her acquaintance with her American neighbor—begun by a service he had rendered her young brother—he had told her that when working as an art student in Paris he had met with an accident which had necessitated the amputation of his right hand. Hurled into an abyss of despair, he had at length emerged with the resolve to conquer fate, to train his left hand as he had trained the right.

Stubbornly he had labored until he had been able to maintain himself by commercial drawing. Just so much of the distasteful work he now did as sufficed to keep life in his body and his body housed in this cheap lodging. Beyond that his time was spent on these canvases. Inch by inch, stroke by stroke, he had trained his inept muscles. Months, years, had gone by, and still the conception of his brain and the execution of his hand remained worlds apart.

But it was not the tragic futility of this struggle that now riveted the girl's attention; nor was it the man himself, who, seated with head sunk and eyes vacant in the apathy of despair, had heard neither her knock nor her entering step. It was a picture that stood on the easel before him that held her transfixed with astonishment.

It was the full length portrait of a woman, life size. The shade had been removed from the oil lamp on the table behind Andrus, and the light streaming on the red and yellow of the short dancing frock seemed to dart back from the jets of paint like flecks of fire. The figure was posed on the toes, the arms outstretched in the full sweep of movement. Dark, lustrous hair hugged the small head, closely framing the face, young, glowing, high set on a perfect throat bare of all ornament.

"Miss Dupont!"

Irma Niklova gasped the name, and at the sound Andrus rose with a nervous start.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" he stammered, like a man suddenly awakened from a deep sleep.

She pulled herself together with an effort. "I knocked. You didn't answer. I thought you were asleep. Paris is worse. Will you go for the doctor?"

"Of course."

He caught up a coat from a chair and put it on and reached for a hat that lay on the table. Turning back to her, he followed her eyes to the canvas and stopped short. For several moments they stood together in silence gazing at the brilliant figure of the dancer.

Of a sudden he spoke. "I painted that!"

"You!"

He laughed shortly. "I had a hand then that obeyed me. That was the last thing I did before—"

He was so near her that she felt the sharp contraction of his figure that finished the sentence.

"Come, I will go for the doctor." He bent and turned down the lamp.

Irma had not moved. "That is a portrait," she said. "Who is she?"

"She is a dancer," he replied at last in a low voice. "I knew her in Paris—years ago."

"A dancer—for the public?"

He nodded.

"What is her name?"

"She has none—she is dead."

"Dead!"

He shuddered. "I loved her, and she is dead," he said, and turning strode to the door.

She followed him into the dark hall.

CHAPTER IX

IT was hardly ten o'clock the next morning when Guy Amarinth presented himself at Hugh Senior's office. To his relief he was admitted at once, and as he entered he was conscious of the sharp glance of appraisal that the older man turned upon him during their brief greetings. The two had met a dozen times or more; but not until now had they had occasion to take stock of each other.

"Just what did Marie tell you about herself?"

"Nothing."

Amarinth had taken the chair to which he had been invited by a wave of the hand.

"I see," Hugh said. "Well, she has asked me to tell you what I know of her; but before I do so I must request your assurance as a man of honor that what I say shall be held in strictest confidence. As I understand the situation, you have made an offer of marriage to my ward—Miss Dupont, that is,—and she has given you no answer. When you leave here you will be at liberty to advance or retreat honorably, as you may desire. Am I right?"

A dull flush mounted in Amarinth's face, and he gave a short nod in sign of assent.

"And I have your word of honor as to your silence in the event of your withdrawal?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. Of course if you should decide to press your suit and are accepted by Miss Dupont, her story becomes your property—to do with as you and she should see fit. In that case you can rely on my silence and that of my aunt."

"I understand."

Hugh opened a desk drawer, and took from it the package wrapped in tissue paper that he had removed from the cabinet in his study the night before. He laid it on the desk, and settling himself again in his chair began.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ROGER GAVOCK, after twenty years' residence in Paris, has just returned to New York. He is strolling down Fifth avenue, when he is suddenly jostled against a young woman coming into her limousine. He instinctively utters a French word of apology, and she answers in French. But as he continues his excuses in the same language she looks blank and tells him that she does not understand French.

Gavock is mystified by the incident. He relates it that evening to his young friend Guy Amarinth, adding that he is certain he has seen the girl before. Amarinth declares that she was probably lying in order to put Gavock off the track of her identity, because of some shameful secret in her past. Gavock answers that in such a case she would have nothing to fear from him; that if she were married to his own brother he would be cheerfully silent a woman's secret.

The two are going to a dance, where Amarinth expects to meet the girl he wishes to marry. He shows her photograph to Gavock, who recognizes her as the woman they have been discussing. He does not betray his recognition even when, at the dance, he further recalls her as a professional dancer whom he saw seven years before in Paris. At the dance Amarinth persuades the girl to slip away from the ballroom and marry him.

On their return he presents Gavock, Marie, to Gavock's consternation, says immediately, "You're the man who bumped into me on Fifth avenue."

This involuntary admission, together with Gavock's concealment of the fact, awake Amarinth's wildest suspicions. He has married her. Now he discovers that there are mysterious things in her life! His distrust is deepened when she confesses that there is something she should have told him before she married him, which her guardian, Hugh Senior, will have to explain. She agrees to keep their marriage secret until this explanation is made.

SEVEN years ago this coming April I made a business trip to London. From there I went to Paris for a short visit with my aunt, Mrs. Thorley, who had recently become a widow and had turned over her affairs to me. She was living in the country, about an hour's run by motor from the city. The day after my arrival I was cabled to return to New York at once. It was barely daylight when I left my hotel to motor out for a last call on my aunt.

"A faint streak of light in the east gave me my general directions. I had crossed the river and got into the old part of the city, where the streets are narrow and wind and twist unexpectedly. Suddenly, as I was nearing a sharp bend in a short,

"It was a picture that stood on the easel before him that held her transfixed with astonishment. "Marie Dupont!" she gasped."

Copyright by Patten Pub. Co., from "Photographic History of the Civil War."

Only three months before he had marched away from the little home town in Dixie. Women stood on the sidewalks and waved as he stepped by, and some wept. But he had smiled. Of course men were killed in war, he knew that; but he would not be killed. So he had thought as he marched gaily away. And after the very first battle they found him alone upon the field.

From "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War."

This is the scene on which the sun went down at the end of the first day at Gettysburg. The stubborn resistance of these first-day fighters held the field until reinforcements could arrive.

From "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War."

After the awful slaughter of the Crater (see the picture in lower right-hand corner) the Federal troops intrenched themselves around Petersburg in thirty-six forts, which stretched for thirty-two miles, the most remarkable chain of forts ever produced up to that time. The Confederates too intrenched. Fort Sedgwick, the Confederates named Fort Damnation; and this is Fort Mahone, which the Federals called Fort Hell.

From "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War."

The present dreary struggle across the sea is recalled in ... slipped through to the front was seized by an angry ... to get back home?" he demanded angrily.

From Anne Brown Mem., N. Y.

"War," said Sherman, "is hell!" and perhaps when he said it he had this scene in mind. Back and forth across these heights he battled with Johnson's cavalry and the forces of General Hood, before Atlanta was given over into his hands. Nothing remains in the new Atlanta to bring back the memory of its destruction a half-century ago—except the row upon row of simple graves and the one great grave of "unknown dead."

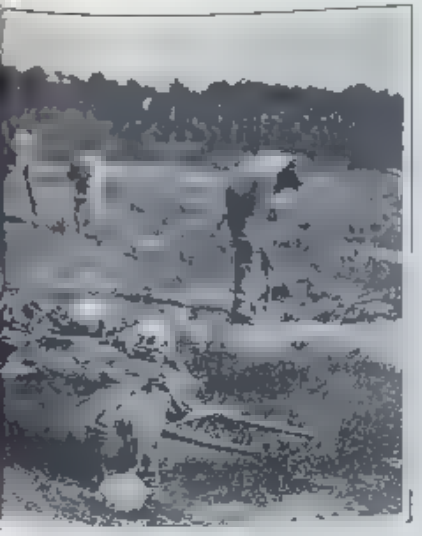
Copyright by Patten Pub. Co., from "Photographic History of the Civil War."

All day long the battle had been waged between Early and Sheridan. At three o'clock came an awful burst of artillery fire, accompanied by a mighty yell. The Union forces surged forward. It was a "glorious victory"—and this was part of the cost.

What Time Do

Loud cheers are the fortunate ones to come back. To the left the picture of men who will never come back. Fifty years have passed till on the first day in September Fifty years have passed and the enemies of that day gather on the old field as friends meeting each other, and the enemies of this day gather on the old field as friends

With the girls waving their handkerchiefs the recruits march down Long-street, upon which now the pretty shops of Longstreet open their doors while the crowds cheer. From this vantage one looks out today over peaceful fields. Only a little more than half a century has passed. Twenty years ago and hardly a man who heard the cannon roar around this peak is still young. So quickly does Time do its work.



Contrast this peaceful landscape with the terrible scene upon the left, and you realize why wars continue to occur. Both pictures were taken on the same battle-field. Nature's memory is as short as man's.

Do you suppose we want pictures of this kind? Do you suppose would become of the recruiting?

It was yesterday but the brave men pictured on the left flowers bloom today. Now and then a farmer's plow strikes a bit of rusting iron or turns up a whitening bone—except for that Time has removed all scars

es to Battlefields

deserted street a woman darte
round a corner and ran across my
shouted Look out Look
made an effort to swing he car aside
I struck her and she fell—fortunately out
of the path of the car. I stopped and ran
to her. She was unconscious, but alive,
and as far as I could judge not much hurt
had fainted from fright, I thought and
was probably only bruised. I poured
some whisky down her throat and tha
d to start her pulse a bit, but didn
rouse her. I looked about for help, wo
but I had better do. No sign of
creature anywhere. The only

as quickly as possible."

Guy echoed in a startled

it was Marie. She was just a
girl, sixteen or seventeen. As her
condition was not alarming, I decided
that it would be perfectly safe to take her
to my aunt's, where she would have
care. I stopped frequently to assure
myself that she was not growing weaker
and once I noticed a spot of blood on the
bosom of her dress. I opened the dress a
little at the neck and found a slight cut
caused by a—a necklace that she was
wearing under her gown.

"It was a gaudy affair with large imi-
tation stones, and I took it off and put it into
my pocket, and placed a handkerchief
over the wound. The necklace is here
I'll show it to you presently.

"When we arrived the girl was put to bed
and a doctor summoned. We were both
much relieved when Dr Vining announced
that no serious damage had been done.
She had sustained a violent shock, he
said, and sleep was the best possible re-
storative for her nerves.

"When he was gone my aunt and I
turned our attention to the business that
I was there to discuss with her, and had
just finished it when the doctor returned.
His patient still slept but was stronger,
he reported, and as it was high time for
me to be on my way to Cherbourg he
undertook to see her back to her home and
to negotiate the settlement of any claim
ary that she or her family might see
fit to make. She was probably, he thought,
a factory girl or one employed in a sho
judging by her clothes—but I'll go into
that later.

\\

he necklace until I was well on my way to
Cherbourg. It has been in my possession
ever since. She has never asked for it.
I have waited for her to ask.

What happened when she finally awoke
I can only give you at second hand as I
heard it later from my aunt and Dr Vining.
The only person in the room at the mo-
ment was a maid, an F
Mrs Thorley's servants. I
were all English, to
English
men, although
loved the French,

stay. I mention hi
of the household s

as and country, and it seems probable
but Marie in her childhood had seen
someone like her, and that some childish
memory was stirred, for when the woman
hesitated, uncertain how she ought to
reply, Marie asked

"Are you Margaret's sister

"No, I am Mrs. Thorley's maid,' said

"Mrs. Thorley! Who is Mrs. Thor-
ley?" Marie questioned

"She is my mistress.'

"It was a stupid answer, and seems to
have struck the girl as amusing for the

as Dr
Vining had discovered, she was badly
bruised. The maid ran to the door and
told to my aunt, who dismissed in after
sending another servant for the doctor.
The details of the next few days I cannot
give you accurately, but Mrs. Thorley
will do so if you wish to hear them. She
has had ac

You see, we became convinced
eventually that as a result of her accident
the child had lost her memory, that she
had no idea who she was or where she

Guy leaned forward, his eyes wide with
supposition. "You mean—you mean
that—that she doesn't know now?" he
stammered.

"No more than then."

GUY dropped back with a deep, quick
breath. It was plain from his ex-
pression that his mind had not yet begun
to reckon with the amazing fact that had
just entered it.

"At first Mrs. Thorley thought that she
was playing a part, merely pretending ignorance, but that theory soon proved itself untenable. She seemed to try so hard to answer the questions asked h and simply could not. Of her immediate past she apparently recalled nothing whatever. She did not even seem to know that she had ever been in Paris. Such

the opinion that al
countries. England certainly and some
warm country, Italy perhaps, though she
spoke and understood no Italian. Neither
did she seem to understand French—"

Guy gave a quick start. "Are you sure
of that?" he asked, interrupting.

Hugh Senior stared. "Why do you ask
that?" he demanded, adding when Am-
rinth did not at once reply "You said it
as if you had some special reason."

Guy reddened

I consequences, you must remem-
ber. The quality of her English, her com-
bearing, all made such a theory

French, and even in English, the one
language she spoke, her vocabulary was
oddly limited, like a child's. She learned
new words rapidly, however, and it was
only a short time before the suggestion of
childishness, so marked in her speech at
first, quite disappeared.

"You understand, of cou that I am
running ahead of events," Hugh broke off
to explain "I am giving you in a few
words the conclusions that Mrs. Thorle
was months in reaching. During the
passed between the accident
her return to England she was skeptic-
cal of Dr Vining's theory of loss of mem-
ory. From day to day she waited ex-
pecting her guest to betray herself. She
interested in the case, she
says, and being alone, except for the ser-
vants, she was able to have the girl with
her almost constantly. She tested her in
every conceivable way to discover some-
thing of her former mode of life; but could
arrive at no definite conclusions. The child
showed unfailing willingness, even eager-
ness, to perform any service asked of her; but she did everything as a daughter or an obliging guest might do. "

HUGH paused a moment and seemed to
hesitate before he added "I said I
would tell you about her clothes. They
were rather—puzzling."

There was another interval of silence
before he continued. He was watch-
Amarinth now, and when he began
to speak it was less rapidly than before
and in a disjointed manner, as though he
felt his way.

"Her dress, m aunt says, was of cheap
ade. Her shoes too
d much wo
plain
All

ort to use
" Amarinth

I thought
there was a sum of money
then she decided to
along to England if she could go
—still wondering, you see, how far the
girl would carry her imposture. Accor-
ingly some simple clothes were

when Thorley purchased it from its
French owner. On one end of the trunk
was printed the name M Dupont
being a plain, plausible title it was
on to the new owner. Dupont you know
as common a name in France as Smith
or Jones here, and M suggested Marie."

"And she has no more right to the n
than that?" Guy exclaimed.

"No. Of course my aunt had no idea
that she was giving her a permanent
name. She couldn't see how events
would shape themselves. On arriving
in England she at once consulted a spe-
cialist whom Dr Vining has re
mended, and by his advice Marie was
sent to a private sanatorium for observa-
tion and

consult some of
the big men in Paris where there was a

in the case as the cause of the
accident and that my aunt was out will-
ing to do. We all hav
cape, especially the foreign rude. Be-
sides, there was still that ring doubt
in Mrs. Thorley's mind of

remained in the sanatorium two
months, with no result except that sh
became terribly depressed at realizing
somehow, in a struggle wa
different from other people.
ley then made the round of the specialists,
and ended by following her own advice
and sending Marie to a boarding school."

"But couldn't doctors do anything"

to operate, of course

hoping of a part of the brain, by pressure
perhaps. The skull showed no
of such pressure, but th
the only logical doing

"You will pardon me, Amarinth, if I
don't go into their opinions, since no two
ment. "That in itself made us wary and
added to that the surest man of them all
advised against it, at might do no good,
and might do harm. Besides, Marie's
in the west n
memory dating from

"But surely she must have
ons or relatives who were se
her?"

er heard of it, and I
n inquiry made. The
ll

been made. A search
every thing short of asking
our confidence. That would be
made of her a creature apart, and
her that has been our constant aim.
you not understand how deep a
responsibility I must feel for her
her happiness.

Hugh bent anxious, searching e

ough so tod.
impressed you I of course do

IT'S all so strange, so u
earth began
felt that there was
about her

"Then doesn't that prove that
slight absence has not affected
real self?"

"She seems just like other girls,
admitted.

"She is like other girls "

t find out anyth

"Why not?"

forward. "is
an't give her pla
power, sir.
Hugh recalled
you," he said.

"Then you've told me every

re do you think she was
born?"

don't know. Perhaps to
"But you said you had
ved that she was not a working g
is. Hugh replied
theory that she was a French
tory girl was impossible, since she spo
Fr

she spoke French, and
ls of French blood."

"If she spoke no French, what sor
work could she have done in Paris?"

Hugh did not know. "She was dr

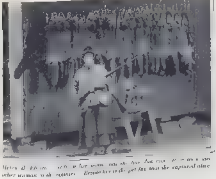
A KNOCK at the door heralded
tremor of an office boy who
the arrival of a client.

Guy started up. "I am keeping
fear," he said.

room, he found
at a man of fo

nervously
r," he said hur

To be continued next week



Helen [illegible] other woman [illegible] Beside her is the pet fox that she captured [illegible]

She Wanted a Set of Fox Furs

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS, has [illegible] youngest and perhaps the most successful woman fox hunter [illegible] Helen E. Elcock [illegible] Last year [illegible] known to miss a fox when a fair [illegible] was offered. [illegible] early almost every morning [illegible] fox [illegible] never makes [illegible] though allowed [illegible]

[illegible] offered to take her along on [illegible] Dressed [illegible]

This is [illegible] the Woolworth Tower of New York [illegible] from the sidewalk. Perhaps before long we shall have [illegible] photograph

[illegible] She has never [illegible]

This is a portrait [illegible] one of [illegible] done from pencil sketches made during one of [illegible] The sculptor is Anastasia [illegible]

[illegible] a rancher. [illegible]

Better Than a Woman

COOPER and Rabton live together a [illegible] square from the State [illegible] Arcade [illegible] shop. [illegible] quarters [illegible]

Don't [illegible] better, judging from what I have heard and read.

He's Never Been a Drag to Any Man

SIXTY-THREE years old [illegible] for forty-seven years [illegible] broom maker and [illegible] has never [illegible] never a drag or drain on any [illegible]

[illegible] Cooper [illegible] blind [illegible] workshop [illegible]

Talk [illegible] given myself [illegible] a dollar [illegible] a day instead of the usual dollar and a [illegible]

[illegible] Spring [illegible] consideration.

Rancher for 20 Years

NOW you stand right there [illegible] way of this broomstraw [illegible] gray and [illegible] without assistance, pocketing the pay each Saturday night with the [illegible]

At sixty-three, though [illegible] Alexander Cooper supports himself in comfort

The Savior of the Turkey

MARGARET MAHANEY who came as a farmer's wife to the wilderness of the United States and Canada, is a young woman of Concord, Massachusetts, who a few years ago looked out upon a world discouraged and almost bedridden. Doctors had informed her that she must relinquish her career as a trained nurse or it would result in her complete physical breakdown and that her only hope of health was in living outdoors.

She had a little money. She knew of no one to whom she could turn for advice as she began the struggle and for any she is an utter stranger possesses a house and a bank account and every turkey breeder in the country knows Margaret Mahaney as the savior of the turkey our national bird. It was she who discovered the cure for the dreaded blackhead, the plague that was killing off turkeys in such great numbers that breeders found little profit in caring for their flocks.

The secret of her success, she says, is that when her life seemed darkest and most hopeless she determined to succeed "at all costs" and in the night when every thing seemed against me, that I would make good. There was more to it."

By means of instantaneous photographs of wild turkeys in the forests, Miss Mahaney has been fighting and successfully overcoming for forty years. Her wild turkeys are now adored by judges the best specimens of the bronze species in the world.

Fighting the Blackhead Pest

MARGARET MAHANEY had read of the struggle of turkey breeders against the blackhead pest. She was interested for Concord is peculiarly adapted to turkey breeding and several of her neighbors had small flocks. She talked with them but always heard the same discouraged comment that the blackhead was killing off the turkeys more quickly than they could be bred.

Her little home is on the side of a hill. She scoured a few turkeys and carefully. For about half a year all was well and soon her little flock drooped. When she called her neighbors in they told her that the turkeys had been stricken with the blackhead.

They advised her to give up but she shook her head. Today her stock is conceded the standard. Breeders from all parts of the country send for her birds to improve their own flocks. The government sends for her birds for breeding purposes to the Pan-American Exposition to be held in San Francisco.

The story of her triumphant success reads simply enough, but the reader remembers that for forty years an unrelenting fight has been made by science to conquer the blackhead and that it was Miss Mahaney who succeeded where others failed, she did more than save a foreign source of turkeys so well as they were fast becoming a costly luxury.

Miss Mahaney had little technical knowledge. She had commonsense. She found that breeders let their flocks run wild, breed indiscriminately and eat indiscriminately. She kept her flock in small groups. She fed them with great care and never when they showed any threatening symptoms. Then she set about to discover by careful inquiries as to the specific remedy employed in treating domestic fowl when ill. She experimented, and finally discovered that the blackhead pest could be conquered. Regulation of food, plenty of water clean roosts, and careful breeding combined to produce the desired results.

She then studied the breeding problem. Some of her neighbors smiled when they saw her turkeys strutting about with red shawls and as many as three broods in a season. But they told the history of the individual bird, and it was this history he finally settled he difficult and [illegible] when the breeding season arrived. Today [illegible] its aid in her [illegible] inquiries from veteran breeders who write for her opinion on the best method and care of their own flocks.

This is the house that Thomas H. Lawson built for the birds on his estate.

Her rules for turkey breeding are simple. Keep the birds warm and comfortable in the winter season, keep the roosts scrupulously clean and have sand so that the birds may dust themselves.

Oyster shells, oats, barley and a little cracked corn constitute the turkey's menu. Beef scraps from a special can are allowed three times a week. Fresh drinking water is always before them, and in the trough is placed a drop of mixture of [illegible].

Bringing Up Young Turkeys

WATER is fatal to the chicks, she found, and she finds dried corn ingredients when a new brood is hatched. She feeds the newly born a sling mettle with hard boiled egg in which a little shake of red pepper has been added. Wheat bread soaked in milk and then squeezed dry, forms the next meal, and lettuce is a favorite dish.

Miss Mahaney is proud of her success in poultry raising. The many remedies she has discovered have been adopted on every large turkey farm in the country and she is recognized by all breeders as the savior of the turkey.

At a time when hardship was the lot of the pioneers it took great courage to undertake the plunge from Missouri to California. The journey took five months. She is eighty-two now and rather looks down on people who have to make the trip on Pullman cars.

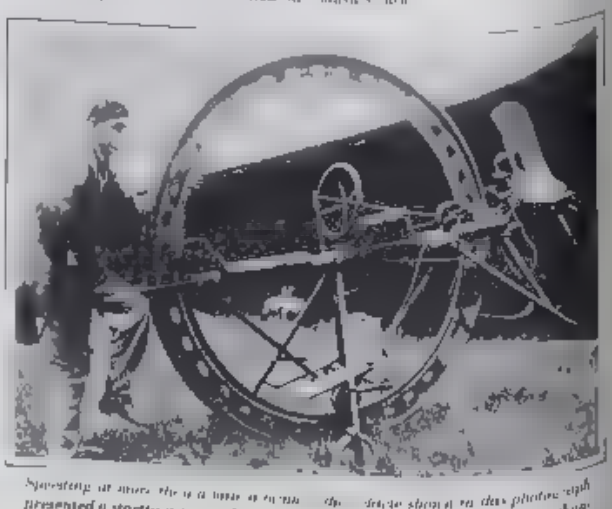
Going Back Over the Old Trail

ONE of the first persons to [illegible] San Francisco [illegible] was Mrs. Napoleon [illegible] road. Now in her eighty-second year she hops the sole survivor of the [illegible] and [illegible] She [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] of the [illegible] Tennessee and a party of friends and neighbors on their long journey over the plains. Their only guide was the well thumbed volume written by the first [illegible] the [illegible] chief of Hastings [illegible] mark the journey's end. [illegible] were [illegible] directions were broad and [illegible] probabilities,—after [illegible] many days west by north, the [illegible] or Caw River would block their way, then on due north to the Platte [illegible] a blazed rock on [illegible] the trees of the tall grass to point to the trail. Those who had joined the Dickinson [illegible] venture. The [illegible] all they owned, had been able to secure [illegible]

Those [illegible] the plains, [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] was a new grinding journey with each [illegible] for the horses had to be shod every [illegible] the [illegible] in favor of open [illegible] of the lack of blacksmiths on the prairies. At Fort Laramie the party saw the first herds of buffalo, and no spectacle in the years to come could overequal the brilliance [illegible] of fresh meat roasted at the [illegible] eventful evening.

Then came the climbing of the hills leading to the Great Divide. "We [illegible] the hills south to his mother," [illegible] Indian prayer, and all the party felt [illegible] in the evening when they gathered about the bright fire and listened unafraid to the howling of the wolves and the cry of the panther.

It was [illegible] over five months [illegible] since they [illegible] when the [illegible] and all the Promised Land. Mr. [illegible] and Mrs. Dickinson lived for many happy, prosperous years in the home they had wrested from the wilderness. [illegible] and [illegible] the first hotel in Stockton, [illegible] the first Methodist church [illegible] The fifth generation of his family [illegible] the old home, the first brick house in Southern [illegible]



Spectators at every ride of a unicycle show [illegible] presented a startling spectacle when driven by its inventor, a St. Louis mechanical genius. It is known as the unicycle, and is practically a large aluminum hoop fitted with a gas engine and propeller. The engine, of the rotary type, is seen directly in front of the wheel and behind the propeller.

Inside the Sultan's Harem

[illegible] changes according to the Ottoman Princes and Princesses, still remains the harem in the real sense of the word, and I—as my hostess tells [illegible] woman to have [illegible] and wait for us on the [illegible] harem is surrounded [illegible] but no one can possibly see [illegible] within.

[illegible] army [illegible] of its [illegible] must [illegible] be exquisitely carpeted corridors. [illegible] ately coffee [illegible]

their backs in horror at the ugly untoelled existence of some of the women [illegible]

All the ladies there wore silk stockings and shoes. How strange must look to these corseted women made no attempt as a fashionable [illegible] who still remain faithful to the [illegible] slippers and colored [illegible] with gold, and who [illegible] enough material [illegible]

her rank, but [illegible] she is a short [illegible] wide, her hair dressed [illegible] diamond crown, and the front [illegible] body was covered with [illegible]

[illegible] proportion [illegible]

Mohammed V [illegible] I am [illegible]

"I Want to Educate My Children"

By ALBERT W ATWOOD

[illegible] week Mr [illegible] the [illegible]

My little daughter is three years [illegible]

There are all kinds of ways of saving [illegible] for a child's education. By making [illegible] have Christmas clubs, where one begins by depositing a very small sum the day after Christmas and makes a slightly larger deposit each week for a year. In this way it would not be difficult to have almost enough at the end of a year to buy a good 5% bond, which returns a larger income than savings banks.

Another method of saving is to put aside every small coin for the child, or every coin bearing a certain date. Any [illegible] highly upon the [illegible] banks to [illegible] working of compound [illegible] run up to quite a respectable [illegible] to of a few years. For [illegible] people who can [illegible] there is compulsion behind [illegible]

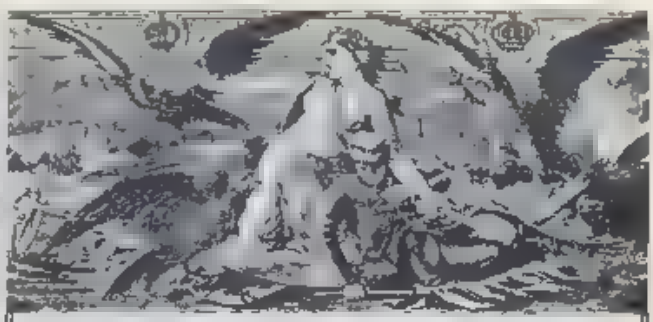
Easily the most profitable method of [illegible] has a [illegible] $30 [illegible] of this plan is that [illegible] into [illegible] bond-paying [illegible] year will [illegible] of ten years if the [illegible] bank at 4% every six months.

But the trouble with all these schemes [illegible] everybody does not need a [illegible] but lots of us do [illegible]

a child's endowment policy [illegible] the right method for some people. [illegible] For the three-year-old [illegible] of $50.38 (slightly more if [illegible] made every three [illegible] in $1,000 at year eighteen, and $40.50 will [illegible] do it for the one-[illegible] paid back if the little [illegible] reach eighteen; but by [illegible] the [illegible] year-old and $60.1 [illegible] for the [illegible] year-old all premiums [illegible] of pre[illegible] There [illegible] life insurance do the [illegible] of the two if the [illegible]

one, a penny [illegible] husband is thirty years old, he will have [illegible] husband is [illegible] more than $60 a year [illegible] to pay [illegible] The advantage of this form [illegible] for $1,000. The [illegible] also any time after [illegible]

the younger [illegible] the great merit of any form of [illegible] costs. One great merit of any form of insurance policy is that the money is absolutely [illegible] to go to the person [illegible]



The Partition of Poland

[illegible] one $ 000 [illegible] one event a [illegible] the thousands

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One Minute with the Editor

Dr. Lloyd Starts Something

WHEN, a month ago, we passed on to Dr. Lloyd a letter from a young man who asked whether he ought to continue to work in a business he could not respect, we didn't know how many troubled people there were in the world. Apparently there are a multitude, judging from the letters. Here is one from a girl in a Middle Western city:

I am greatly in need of advice, and cannot get it from anyone near at hand....Can a girl who has only a high school education and some business training, and has not been very much in touch with church work, make a successful minister's wife?

We have passed that on to Dr. Lloyd also; and as long as the questions continue his answers will be a regular feature. But remember, no questions of political or racial or religious belief. Address him, Dr. A. T. Lloyd, care of this magazine.

"Save Me! Save Me!"

she cried. And the sturdy firemen answered, "Sure, Madam, we'll save you. Them kind of nets is our speciality."

So starts a bully fire story, called "The Human Pendulum," written by Arthur E. McFarlane, who knows more about fires than any other writer in America. It's the big story for next week.

Will the Brides Kindly Wait a Little While?

We've had to postpone our Brides' Number for a little time. Announcement of the date will be made a little later. Meanwhile our thanks to all the brides who have filled our mail with lovely pictures, and our assurance that the pictures will not suffer a bit of harm in our hands.

May Your Tribe Increase

TO THE EDITOR: Two weeks ago my newsdealer delivered a copy of EVERY WEEK at my apartment without any order from me. Since then he has delivered it each week with my morning paper. I don't know whether you set him up to this or not; but if you did I send you my sincere thanks. EVERY WEEK is a refreshing change from the ordinary run of magazines. It's the best three cents' worth that has come into our house for a long time, and we are going to let it keep on coming.

Will all the writers who have sent us letters of this sort please consider themselves personally thanked? And may their tribe increase!

P. S. Every mail indicates that it is increasing.

These aren't rocks: they're whales. Five of them, in greedy pursuit of a school of fish, ran aground off the coast of Tasmania, and were left to their fate by the receding tide. This is the most interesting photograph submitted by a subscriber this week.

A Big Thought for the Week

IS LIFE ONLY A PROCESSION TO DEATH?

By Steen Vanwyck

LIFE is not a continual Niagara pouring into Death. It is not an inevitable Defeat. Its sweetness is not all doomed to bitterness. Its joy is not all doomed for the House of Sorrow. Its activities do not all dissipate at last in the eternal Dust.

Life is a perpetual Resurrection. No matter is lost, say the scientists; no force is lost. These material things seem to dispear only when they change their form. The burnt wood exists still as ashes and gas; the ended motion is translated into heat. Since time began all living things have been dying; but it is just as true that life has been forever reappearing.

Spring comes after every winter. Violets at last conquer every snow. From the fall of Kings rise Republics. From the decay of superstitions grow truer conceptions of religion. After dead Tyrannies come Democracies.

The amazing fact about this old world is its recuperative power. It is more alive and green now than it was six thousand years ago; yet what deaths has it endured!

Surgam corda! Spring has come again!

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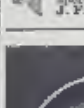

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How Would You Like to Train Bulls for a Living?

THERE is just one woman in the world who has made a success of training animals for show purposes, and her name is Winona Von Ohl. Born on a Western ranch, of a mother who had a reputation as a horsewoman and trainer, Miss Von Ohl comes naturally by her gift. Commanding of figure (she is six feet tall, and straight as an arrow), alert, magnetic, and winsome, the champion woman animal trainer seems to exercise some spell over dumb creatures, from wild animals to their domestic kindred.

In her work Miss Von Ohl uses three essentials for animal training,—patience, firmness, and commonsense. She finds patience the most important quality, and perseveres with unwearying attention to the most obstinate of animals until she obtains results. She practises an unvarying firmness that causes the animals to know her will is law, but without cruelty. She believes that animals possess an intelligence superior to instinct, and never demands of a beast any performance beyond its capacity.

Miss Von Ohl has trained every kind of animal, from the wild beast of the jungle to the calf. The latter may not seem worthy of mention; but as she is the only person on record who has ever successfully trained one of these bovine specimens this must be counted among her accomplishments. Calves are said to be as stubborn as they are stupid; but there never was a bossie that did not obey Miss Von Ohl's bidding. Training a calf is not so spectacular a performance as obtaining obedience from a shaggy, roaring lion; but it is much more difficult to instil sense into a calf than a lion.

When circus managers have wild beasts they cannot manage they send for Miss Von Ohl. If a lion shows his claws and teeth, and his attendants are afraid to go near his cage, they always send for the "Lady Trainer," as she is called. Whether the lion knows that she is his friend, or whether it is her fearlessness, no one knows, not even Miss Von Ohl herself; but both lions and tigers invariably become as docile as kittens when this woman trainer speaks.

"There was never a bossie that did not obey Miss Von Ohl's bidding."

The mere sight of a bull in a distant pasture is enough to make the majority of us take to our heels. Not so Miss Von Ohl. Even Major, the most obstinate bull that ever tossed his horns, and "ten times more savage than any lion when he was aroused," according to Miss Von Ohl, was compelled to acknowledge submission, and has been the attraction of many a country circus.

There never was a wild horse that Miss Von Ohl could not manage and command obedience from. To be sure, the horse is an intelligent animal, and responds more readily to kindness than jungle creatures; but, even so, the breaking in of a bronco is a task not covered by many horsemen.

There are plenty of animal trainers who can boast of a subduing influence over animals. They are to be seen every day at circuses and Wild West shows, and they walk fearlessly among lions, fondle the big cats, and order elephants about. It looks like a remarkably courageous business, especially when they put the animals through thrilling stunts; but nine times out of ten the difficult labor of training these creatures has fallen to Miss Winona Von Ohl.

For many years Miss Von Ohl performed her animal training on her farm at Englewood, New Jersey. Recently she bought a ranch in the West, where she is devoting herself to her beloved work.

"Does It Hurt Me to Chew Gum?"

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Each week Dr. Bowers will answer the most interesting question received. Next week: "Coffee: King or Knave?"

IT has been the cheerful custom of doctors generally to "knock" gum. They have told us that unless a person could eat and chew gum at the same time he could not influence the digestion of starches, the only foods the digestion of which can be assisted by increasing the flow of saliva.

Also that, as no starch digestion went forward in the stomach, it was useless to chew gum after meals; that if it was chewed after meals it would, by stimulating a more liberal flow of saliva (which is mildly alkaline in reaction), interfere with the digestion of meat and other proteid foods in the acid medium of the stomach. Also that it conduced to nervousness, wore the teeth out, toughened and wrinkled those muscles of the face which are required to work overtime in masticating. All of which was very interesting—but what are the facts?

Little or no starch is converted by the saliva and changed during the process of mastication. Further, it is proved that starches digest best when the menstruum in which they are immersed—in this case saliva and the stomach juices—is only slightly acrid. From five to 25 per cent. of the starch eaten is digested in the stomach, and starchy digestion progresses until the free muriatic (or hydrochloric) acid of the stomach reaches a proportion of one part to 500 of starch. Starch digestion then automatically stops; to be resumed when the stomach acid has been again neutralized; after which the small intestine finishes the job. Therefore gum chewing helps digestion, especially when there is a tendency toward acid dyspepsia.

Also we now know that gum allays gloom and helps overcome nervousness. This was first demonstrated during the Balkan War. Men who returned from America to fight in that war brought with them the American habit of gum chewing, and found it so comforting and edge removing that all demanded gum. Since that war it has been issued as a regular ration in many European armies.

Another of its advantages to soldiers was that, by provoking a free flow of saliva, it kept the throat moist in the absence of water. Athletes, long-distance runners, ball players, auto racers, and others whose labors are exhausting and nerve tackling, now chew chicle for the same purpose.

Gum has also been recommended for lessening the bad effects produced by the concussion of big guns. Because of this the German, English, and other navies always keep a stock of it on hand.

And so far as its wearing out the teeth and the face, toothbrushes, wash rags, gossiping, and laughing also wear these out. In fact, they will wear out anyhow, given time enough.

Chewing gum, by keeping the mouth and tongue clean, also helps preserve the teeth. Many physicians are adopting the practice of giving their little patients with typhoid, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, and other conditions in which the mouth secretions are more or less vitiated, a fresh piece of chewing gum after each feeding, to help, by mechanical action, and by thoroughly stimulating the flow of saliva, to freshen up the mucous membranes. This, of course, is in addition to a scrupulous toilet of the mouth.

Gum chewing frequently relieves children, and even adults, of car sickness. It keeps the mind busy and dilutes the acrid secretions of the stomach with a free flow of alkaline saliva. It is of course not so effective as milk of magnesia or atropin; but it helps materially.

We admit that chicle may have esthetic disadvantages. There are far more inspiring spectacles than the sight of a careful of assorted Americans all busily working their jaws. Most of the things that have been said against gum chewing in public are justified; but, in the seclusion of your own home, a stick of gum after each meal won't hurt you a bit.

This collapsible fire escape, which will reach to the seventh story of a building, has been invented by a German. It is carried on a truck, and can be put into operation in four minutes.

Little Things You Ought to Know

Where Eiderdown Comes From

THE down of the eider duck is more highly esteemed and brings a higher price than any other down. In Iceland and the Yeadonnese or Islands, where the duck breeds, it is chiefly protected by law and by public sentiment.

These ducks make their nests of down from their own breasts. They pluck it out with their bills and form it into a circular mound which has the property of conducting heat to an extraordinary degree. If this down be removed, the duck supplies a second, and even a third, lot from the same source.

The eider farms in Iceland are frequently situated on little islands near the coast, covered with low hummocks. To protect the breeding ducks from the elements, the landowners construct small shelters of rough stones. On these farms, it is said, the ducks become so tame that anyone with whom they are familiar may handle them without frightening them.

Separate buildings on the Icelandic eider farms are devoted to the cleaning of the product. Down clings tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown, a circumstance that is utilized in cleaning it. There are a number of frames of oblong shape, and along these numbers of strings are stretched loosely.

The down is first put into these one end, and a piece of wood is drawn rapidly back and forward over the other end. The down clings to the strings and is thus separated, as the grass and seaweed, fall to the ground.

The price of down as the farm is about two dollars and fifty cents a pound.

First Aid for the Cigar

BEFORE a man lights a cigar he always has to cut or bite off the end in order that the cigar will draw well. As a result, a cigar occasionally does not smoke as it should.

To remedy these defects one cigar maker cuts off the end of the cigar in the ordinary form and inserts a large pin about two inches in length and provided with a head similar to the top of the cigar that is to be smoked. The pin is the same color as the cigar, and in no respect detracts from the appearance of the article. In fact, the casual observer will not notice it.

As a first aid to improve the smoking qualities of the cigar it is highly efficient. The consumer merely pulls the pin from the end of the cigar, and then sees a perfect smoke. He doesn't have to bite off the cigar end, and he doesn't have to fuss with the cigar to get it to smoke evenly and to draw well.—*Scientific American.*

A Unique Lighship

OFF the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland, there is stationed, at the Otter Rock, a unique lightship. It is unmanned; yet it can be relied on to display the warning light to guide the mariner on this dangerous coast. It is a huge iron cylinder containing vessel and the only one of its kind. In its two steel tanks a sufficient quantity of gas can be stored to supply the lantern for several months.

Experiments have shown that the light may be depended upon to burn continuously for months at a time. The approximate duration of the light can be predetermined, and there is no danger whatever of its being extinguished by wind or spray.

The light is visible at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. The lightship also has a bell, which is made to ring automatically by means of an ingenious device that utilizes the gas as it passes from the tanks to the lantern to work the bell clapper.

Blau Gas

BLAU gas, named after its German inventor, burns under pressure, shrinking to one four-hundredth of its original volume at atmospheric pressure. It is liquefied by compression to steel bottles as easily as oil or alcohol, and is usable in places where gas could not be piped or readily supplied. For ray heating or lighting, for welding and metal-cutting, and for high-speed soldering, it is said to be invaluable.

It contains most of the same elements, although in different proportions, as ordinary illuminating gas, and is similar in smell, but is without carbon monoxid, and therefore is nonpoisonous. Also its thermal inertia is so great as to make it practically nonexplosive. Its range of explosion is one-twelfth that of acetylene and one-third that of ordinary coal gas. It is cheaper to produce than acetylene.

Yawning for Health

DOCTOR NARGEILL, professor of medicine at Liege University, commends the practice of yawning as a physical exercise. A good yawn, the professor maintains, is excellent for the lungs, and for all the breathing organs as well.

But there is an art in yawning, he says, just as there is an art in breathing. Every yawn should be as deep as possible, so as to bring all the muscles of the throat and chest into action, and also to fill the lungs with a current of air.

Doctor Nargeill has known of many cases in which a sore throat has been alleviated by persistent yawning.

Just Jokes

Economy à la Mode

EDWARD: "Father, what is the cheapest food we have?"

Westover: "Sapolio."

Horsemeat or Pork

A TALE from Eddie Foy is sure of appreciation:

"Another comedian and myself," says he, "were looking at pigs and discussing the sale for bacon. My friend insisted they were pure pork, while I declared they were simply ham. My friend was obdurate, so I bet him a new hat I was right, and said I would prove it. Thereupon I cut one of the nearest pigs in two pieces, and went out. In ten minutes I returned.

"'There,' said I. 'What did I tell you? They are hams.' I got the pieces from the one outside. 'Even *I* took the first piece away, and the other four promptly moved up.'

Had One of Her Own

JOYCE, whose home was near a pond about a mile in length and half a mile in width, went to Boston when she was four years old.

The next she was visiting said, "I will take you to see the ocean."

"I will look at your ocean," replied Joyce in a very condescending manner; "but we have a pond at home."

Hard on the Jack Rabbit

WHEN Senator Harry Lane of Oregon was speaking on the trade commission bill, he illustrated the methods of big business by going back to nature. He was talking about the proposal to legislate so as to forbid:

"Did any of you ever see a band of coyotes organize for a rabbit drive? You never will, and you never will. The coyote has too much sense. He has too much self-respect. He has rabbits on the plains in order to sustain life, but he never, never, never, would ask for any favor or support, or give anything to get that day. The jack rabbit can outrun all of them. But take two or more coyotes, and they are plenty smart enough to do this, and they do it all the time. They will get between that jack rabbit and his burrow. They will head him off. One of them will start out to chase him. He will circle on the start line and will run in a circle. The jack rabbit always circles round his burrow. That coyote will chase him and fast as he can drive him, and the other coyotes will cross a segment of the circle and there he is with the rabbit and the chase when it reaches him. The other coyote will lie down and rest until the jack rabbit comes back to that point again.

"No jack rabbit can run down a pack of coyotes; but when he goes up against two of them organizing against him it is simply a matter of time until those coyotes have rabbit stew. And it does not take long; but there is no band of coyotes that can do it if they compete with one another.

"Well, the business men of this country are as wise as coyotes, and successful business men, the men who control the trade of this country, do not compete with one another. They have grown too wise to adopt that plan."

The Conductor's Mistake

THE woman who took umbrage because the conductor addressed her as "lady" met with a not wholly undeserved retort. She wanted to leave the car when it was still in motion, and the conductor said:

"Wait a moment, Lady; wait until the car stops."

"Will you please not address me as Lady, sir?" she said sharply.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," said the conductor. "The best of us are apt to make mistakes."

The Patrician Workman

POOR man!" said the sympathetic woman to the workman with his handsome mustache, "have you lost your employment?"

"Oh no, Madam," replied the workman, "I've just left it at the manicure's to be polished up. I didn't have time this morning to wait until it was finished."

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At your house, perhaps, there is some important member of the family who should be enjoying Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—with good milk poured in the side of the dish—not on top—just enough to float the crispy flakes and bring out their delicate flavor. *Spare the sugar.*

Oh, you'll *all* be eating them—and repeating oftener than with any other breakfast food—these golden flakes with the ever-alluring fresh-from-the-oven taste!

And remember, *please*, that you don't know corn flakes unless you know *Kellogg's*—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—with the pride of the originator to keep the delicate process *complete*.

Even Baby can tell the difference!

Then too there is the WAXTITE package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

W. K. Kellogg

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